

Masterman

SAILOR'S LETTERS.

WRITTEN TO HIS
SELECT FRIENDS IN ENGLAND,
DURING HIS
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS

I N
EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA,
FROM THE YEAR 1754 TO 1759.

B Y
MR. T H O M P S O N.

V O L. II.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.

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MDCCLXVII.



In the P R E S S,
T H E
W O . R K S
O F
J O H N O L D H A M, Gent.
W I T H N O T E S,
B Y M R. T H O M P S O N.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R XXII.*

Lieut. Ch. T—r to E. T.

New York, August 12, 1756.

WE must appear to the world and our friends as restless as two birds of passage, by continually traversing from clime to clime; but it is as impossible

* By a mistake in the press, this letter was omitted in the first edition.

VOL. II.

A 3

for

for me to desist writing to enquire after your welfare, as that your humanity would prevent your doing a good deed, when misery pointed you an object. I am told that the natives of this sylvan world have honoured us with the names of NISUS and EURYATUS, for our peculiar attachment to each other:— which is very unlike the rest of our brothers of the sea; we being strictly united by friendship; they, by the *uniforms* they wear. It is surprising what a haughtiness of behaviour arises from this distinction of rank by dress; even too on shore, where all military authority ceases: but admirals and their very cooks (it is observed with ridicule by other corps)

* Two friends celebrated by Virgil for their friendship and attachment to each other.

always

always in different herds keep together. I cannot conceive how this absurd custom is maintained ; for I never knew an officer but declared before his preferment, that he would endeavour to abolish it ; yet when prefer'd, as minutely launched into the same error as those who had gone before him. We find the army in this respect as infinitely superior to the navy as society to solitude : —and in the military school, the man is caress'd and admir'd by his superiors, according to his manners and abilities : it is only attended with the inconvenience of making the ensign's expences as high as the colonel, without having pay adequate to it : but it renders their lives at once as different as freedom and vassalage. But still to continue this absurdity,

the navy is divided into four classes, and each class is distinguished by a badge or livery; and, according to the colour of their plumage, like birds of a feather flock together. This narrowness of behaviour arises from a want of education and knowledge of the world; for is it possible that a man of sense and feeling, can esteem and court a villain for his rank; or despise a man of merit and knowledge for the mode and colour of his coat? This absurd pride is too often substituted in the navy by men of weak parts and small education, and you will find it made use of in many situations of the sea service to support their dignity, and conceal an invincible ignorance. All officers upon real service must be very little acquainted with the nature of their employ,

employ, that do not behave with proper respect to their superiors—A disrespect of behaviour upon duty can only arise from ill manners; and ill manners must spring from the breast of a low illiterate man. A gentleman of education and complaisance, can never abuse the ease and complacency of his officer; I should rather think it would be the happy means of making a person emulous to please, than studious or desirous to offend. Commands in service may be strictly given, and obeyed with pleasure; but tyranny and oppression become no Englishman; and wherever they are imbibed, it must render the possessor despicable. It is an observation of mine, and I fear may hold to a proverb of truth, that tyrants are generally ignorant rank
cowards:

cowards:—for that man must have a very wretched opinion of himself that wishes to be dreaded. You will begin to think me warm ;—I am. For it is a subject that deserves the contempt of every Briton ;—and so rank a weed, that whatever breast it is unhappily planted in, it should be his daily labour to eradicate and destroy it, before it runs to seed. If the virtues of my mind were no more recommendation to me than the ornaments of my body,—I would bestow my badge upon one, who wanted an outside to give him weight and credit. I am sorry to hear our governor did not behave with civility to you.—I think the least he would have done, was, to have given you a draught of small beer for bringing him one hundred

dred and thirty thousand pounds :—the ladies don't appear a little hurt upon the occasion, and therefore to make you in some respects a small amends—desire me to invite you to-morrow evening to the assembly—where you will find some American beauties equal to our very witches of Lancashire.—I have prepared you a Goddess—but as you are just arrived from the ocean,—I caution you to be very modest—least she may have the charms and power of *Diana*, and you the fate of *Actæon*: but, a fate never wish'd you, married or unmarried by

Your sincere friend,

C. T——r.

LET

L E T T E R XXIII.

To H. M. Esq.

New York, August 15, 1756.

I Never was so much surpris'd, as in finding this part of the world superior to England:—the air is serene and the land fertile: peaches, nectarines, apples, and all other fruits peculiar to the soil of Europe, grow wild in the woods, and only feed the particular beasts which inhabit them: I cannot say the taste is quite so exquisite and delicious, which I suppose may be owing to the want of grafting and transplanting,—but the appearance looks so much like the golden age,

age, and the first state of nature, that I could almost determine to spend the remainder of my life here. The river leading to the city of *New York*, flows a considerable way into the country, but has a bar at the mouth, which prevents the entrance of very large ships:—the lands are cultivated as far as the eye can range from the banks, and the cottages inhabited with a variety of people from Germany, Holland, &c. *New York* * is an island, situated about 30 miles up *Hudson's* river, bounded by *Long Island* on the east, and *Staten Island* on the south. The nobleness of the town surprised me more than the fertile appearance of the country. I had no idea

* In the latitude of $40^{\circ} 40'$ North, and longitude $73^{\circ} 59'$ West from the meridian of London.

of finding a place in *America* consisting of near 2000 houses, elegantly built of brick, raised on an eminence, and the streets paved and spacious; furnished with commodious keys and warehouses, and employing some hundreds of vessels in its foreign trade and fisheries;—but such is this city, that a very few in England can rival it in show, gentility and hospitality. It is a royal government, and the officers appointed by the crown. There are very few Indians on this island, being all either cut off by intestine wars or diseases:—the laborious people, in general, are *Guinea* negroes, who lie under particular restraints, from the attempts they have made, to massacre the inhabitants for their LIBERTY, which is even desired

fired by those (you find) who never knew the enjoyment of it. I cannot quit this colony, without taking notice of a very particular cataract, which forms a prodigious arch, and (according to the eye) may fall about 150 feet;—but what is more extraordinary, the mist, which is occasioned by the fall, on a sunny day, forms a most delightful rainbow, and may be seen twelve miles off. There are romantic stories told of this cataract, but I am resolved to relate no more than I have seen. The *Iroquois* often appear here on business, and their appearance is more savage than I can describe.—I cannot help telling you the ceremony of burying their dead:—all the relations paint their faces black, and twice a day make
a most

a most wretched lamentation over the grave; the time of the mourning consists with the continuation of the black face, which is never washed, out of respect to the dead. The corpse is placed upright on a seat,—and his gun, bows, arrows and money buried with him, to furnish him with shooting implements in the next world, where they believe is more game than in *America*,—and that the delightful country lies a *long way westward*.—They have priests among them, called *Pawaws*, who, if it is possible, make these wretches more ignorant than nature meant them to be. My stay, tho' very short here, has been attended with a most disagreeable circumstance. When about three leagues from the ship, the boat's

crew

crew (consisting of ten men) rose on me, bound me hand and foot, and run the boat on shore,—where I might have perished, had not two returned and unbound me, which two I brought to the ship again. They confess'd they had attempted to throw me over-board (which I never perceived) but something always prevented:—had they perpetrated their villainy, I should have died by the mouths of some thousands of sharks,—as I was at that time fishing on a bank, where nothing could be more numerous. This is so striking an act of the hand of Providence, that had it happened to an atheistical person, it might have been the happy means of converting him. From hence we are bound to the West Indies, which is a

secret which never transpired till the day of our departure. I am a little chagrined at the circumstance, not being provided for so long a voyage.

I am, &c.

P. S. We have now 159 people ill in fluxes, scurvies and fevers.

LET-

L E T T E R XXIV.

To G. T. Esq.

Antigua, September 22, 1756.

WE are happily arrived here, after a very tempestuous passage, meeting in the latitude of 26° North, with a violent storm, which continued 48 hours,—in which we sprung our masts, and a leak, which had nearly drowned us all:—the few people who were well, being quite fatigued with standing at the pumps, declared (when the ship had five feet water in her hold) they would rather sink than pump any longer: upon which Mr. Cornish showed a most gal-

lant spirit, and swore he would put the first man to death that refused: this happy menace cleared the ship, the storm subsided, and we repaired all damages. In passing the tropick of Cancer, we observed the old sea custom of ducking those who had never been across that latitude:—the same is observed on the equinoctial;—but from when this watery ceremony arose, I am at a loss to determine; it has certainly been practised ever since we have any account of ships making southern voyages, and might as well arise from the fabulous poetical story told by OVID of *Dædalus* and *Icarus*, as from any other: the youth being drowned in this parallel of latitude, in making his escape with his father, from the wrath of *Mi-*

nos,

nos, in a ship prepared by *Pasiphaë*; which having only oars, the ingenious *Dædalus* invented sails,—*nam ponit in ordine pennas*; the use of which (*Pausanias* tells us) was not then known in Greece, and *OVID*'s fancy converted them into wings: so in compliment to the first inventor of sails, or canvas wings, this custom of ducking is preserved,—and so rough a one, that no man can forget it that undergoes it.

The island of *Antigua* * is of a circular form, about 62 miles in circumference, very mountainous, and particularly distinguished by two lofty hills. Upon the top of the most considerable one (which is called Monk's

* One of the *Carribbee* isles in the latitude $17^{\circ} 30'$ North, longitude $60^{\circ} 35'$ West of London.

hill) is a battery of 33 guns, which is the last retreat the inhabitants can make when defeated. Having no springs on this hill, they have erected tanks, or reservoirs, for rain water, which contain upwards of 2448 tons. The inhabitants are about 10,000 whites, and 15,000 blacks. *Saint John* is the principal town, containing upwards of 500 houses, built of wood, and very low, on account of the violent hurricanes:—the streets are wide, but not paved; and provisions of all kinds excessively dear, 18s. being a common price for a turkey, which are brought, and almost every thing else, in the lumber vessels from *America*. In a dry season water is often dearer than claret;—for upon this isle there is but one spring, which

which is medicinal, and alternately hot and cold, twice every 24 hours. All the good living is amongst the planters in the country, where, if you are a Scotsman, you may be well entertained. The planter struts a petty king amidst his slaves, and has his black seraglio:—in general, they are haughty, ignorant, and cruel, which arises from that despotick government over their poor slaves, who are whipped, and drove by the lash, like cattle. The greatest part of the estates on the island are conducted by overseers, the most of which are Scotsmen; who perhaps have been transported to *Virginia*, and from thence escaped to rule here. These islands are certainly the happiest asylums for fugitives and convicts, and at once answer

the purpose of exile and utility; for these rotten members of society, in time wear out the stains of banishment and disgrace, amass plentiful fortunes, and leave prodigal heirs to squander them away. Here England saves herself a great expence,—and surpasses the people of *Athens*, who built cities and places for those who had done things, that rendered them obnoxious to the laws. *Cadmus* had his at *Thebes*; and *Romulus* erected one upon mount *Capitolinus*; but these were all maintained at the expence of the state; whereas, England finds great riches arising from subjects she had absolutely thrown off and renounced. These light gentlemen treat us, who are come to defend their island, by the genteel appellation
of

of alien and foreigner ; and have good manners enough to give public affronts to every officer under Mr. Frankland ; but still are so happy in their good manners, as never to meet those, who have spirit to meet them.

I am, &c.

P. S. Duels are very frequently fought here, out of pistol shot.

LET-

L E T T E R XXV.

To L. L. Esq;

English Harbour, in the island of
Antigua, October 21, 1756.

WITH the strictest truth, I may call this one of the most infernal places on the face of the globe, tho' a commodious harbour in this part of the world, for refitting of shipping: it is surrounded with high hills, which obstruct the air, and renders it uncommonly unwholesome. I have been long declining with the white flux, and for recovery, stuffed into a small room with 26 people;—but now in better health;

I offi-

I officiate as chaplain, and bury eight men in a morning. Fluxes and fevers are the reigning distempers, and both I attribute to the water drank by the seamen,—which is taken out of tanks or cisterns, built by admiral Knowles;—it is all rain water, and covered close up, which, for want of air, breeds poisonous animalcula, and becomes foul and putrid.—The melancholy effects it produces, might be in a great manner prevented, by boiling the water before it is issued, or ordering the people to do it;—this would destroy these vermine, and correct the putrefaction. I am convinced, from long observation, that most of the distempers in southern climates arise from the water drank,—as ship sicknesses do from the bilge water,

water, which is evidently proved in leaky ships being always healthful;— I therefore recommend to all officers, naval and mercantile, to let in salt water every day, and boil their flesh, for the good of themselves and cargoes.

We have a general visit every Sunday from the negroes of the different parts of the island, who hold, in all other places as well as here, their markets on the sabbath,—being the only day of relaxation they are indulged with by the tyrants they are slaves to: the disagreeable smell of their bodies is so great, that I have smelt, when the wind set from that quarter, a negro market a mile or more. But bad smells don't hurt the sailor's appetite, each man possessing a temporary lady, whose

4

pride

pride is her constancy to the man she
 chooses, and in this particular they are
 strictly so. I have known 350 women sup
 and sleep on board on a Sunday evening,
 and return at day break to their differ-
 ent plantations. I don't know what to
 compare this charcoal seraglio to: in
 numbers we beat the *Turk*;—in con-
 stancy the world;—but, in beauty, we
 submit to the fair *Circassians*. These
 poor slaves bring with them fruit, ve-
 getables and milk, which they ex-
 change for bread and beef. The plan-
 ters generally allow them a small bar-
 ren spot of ground, which as soon as
 they have well tilled, they take to
 themselves, and give them another:
 they live in wretched thatched hovels,
 and after their daily labour, sleep on a
 board:

board: their fires are in the middle of their huts, which have no chimneys, the smoak creating warmth, and also keeps out the musquitos:—their dress, in general, is no more than a cloath round the middle,—unless the mistresses of great Dons, who wear silks and calicoes. There is a most wretched epidemical distemper amongst these unhappy mortals, (called the Yaws) which when it appears on a slave, he is immediately drove from the society of the rest: his victuals are left in a particular place, not being allowed any communication with the other negroes: thus wandering for months about the fields, and dying by degrees, they become at last a prey to the birds of the air. I am sorry I cannot say any thing

(27)

thing pleasant of this place, but tomorrow we sail for *Barbadoes*, from whence, I hope, I may entertain you with more pleasing accounts.

I am, &c.

LET.

L E T T E R XXVI.

To —

Barbadoes*, December 5, 1756.

THIS island looks more like a christian country, than any of the Carribbees: every spot of it is cultivated, and cleared of wood: it is about 30 miles long, and 16 broad:—to the eastward, it is defended by rocks, and the south-west point forms a large bay for shipping, in which the chief place is erected, (called Bridge-Town.) The town is very extensive and well built,

* Situated in the *Atlantick* ocean, in the latitude $12^{\circ} 58'$ North, longitude $58^{\circ} 45'$ West.
and

and the merchant's houses elegant. Every thing is dear but flying fish, (which are called *Barbadoe's Pigeons*) all other provisions are brought from *New England*, unless what the planters raise for their own use. The inhabitants are more easy, hospitable and kind, than on the other islands;—but yet have that volatile spirit so peculiar to the *Creole*. The cruel tyranny exercised over the slaves, is shocking to humanity:— a most horrid instance of which, was acted here the other day by a mistress to her female slave: the girl had committed some trivial domestick error; upon which, she commanded four of her servants to hold her down to the ground, while she absolutely exulted in smiles, and dropped hot sealing

wax on the different parts of her back, till the poor creature expired in the most excruciating tortures.—Was you accustomed to live with the planter's ladies, you would not be surpris'd at any cruelty, for they are taught in their very infancy, to flog with a whip the slave that offends them. The negros, in general, come from the coast of *Guinea*, which makes their manners and superstitions alike,—altho' I never knew they had the least idea of any worship till I was acquainted by Doctor Hill of this place, who told me he had many *African* negros brought him in the hypochondriac state, which neither medicine nor advice could palliate, and that he had no other recourse in such cases, but in sending for a negro priest, who

who would persuade the patient, after having exercised a number of leger-demon tricks, that he had extracted toads, serpents and birds from his body,—which being concealed about him, he produces them at pleasure ;—after such an operation, you'll see the superstitious wretch revive, and in a few days, return in spirits to his labour. They very often, in their thefts, meet with a string of rags hung out to frighten the birds from fresh-sown seed ;—this they call their god *Obia*, who, they believe, has detected them,—and is very often a means of their confessing the crime they have committed, or becoming splenetic ; imagining that all their food is poison, which operates so strongly on their weak minds, as even

to kill them in a few months. In all climates, and in all ages, ignorance and superstition have gone hand in hand, and wherever they have predominantly prevailed, they have effectually ruined the people. The Try-all sloop, having just engaged a ship, bound to *Martinico*, (in which action the Frenchman blew up) calls us in a great hurry to sea, where we hope to meet with a fleet long expected.

I am, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XXVII.

To H. M. Esq;

St. John's, Antigua,
Fébruary 16, 1757.

WE are just returned from a long disagreeable cruise, without preferment, honour or emolument. The infrequency of French ships in these western seas, must certainly be owing to your circumspection at home; for nothing can exceed our foreign vigilance, but your domestick attention. About six weeks

C 3 ago,

ago, we left the island of *Dominico**, where we went for wood and water.— It is one of the most fruitful isles in these seas, but mountainous and woody. Its inhabitants are chiefly French;— the residue Indians, who inhabit the most wild inaccessible parts: the coffee, cotton, and cocoa, produced in this island, exceed any other raised in the West Indies. The *Coffee* grows on a shrub about as high as a currant bush, with a dark green leaf like the bay tree; it is propagated from seeds, which should be sown soon after they are gathered. They have the finest

* Latitude of $15^{\circ} 25'$ North, longitude $59^{\circ} 50'$ West of London.

plantations of it in this island I ever saw.—

The *Cocoa* resembles our cherry-tree : the fruit is inclosed in a yellow pod, about the bigness of a cucumber, beginning and ending in a point. In the inside is a number of white fibres ; in the middle of these are contained 12 seeds or grains of a brown colour, each grain is covered with a little bark ; in the middle is the *Cocoa*, which separates into five or six unequal parts, and after grinding and dissolving in hot water, forms a viscous tenacious paste ; a solution of which makes an agreeable liquor called *Chocolate*.

The *Cotten* shrub grows about five feet from the ground, with a leaf shaped

C 4

like

like the currant, but something larger; it bears a beautiful yellow flower like the daffodil, which, when withered, discovers a pod in shape and size of a pigeon's egg, wherein is contained the cotton:—of this shrub are large plantations, and when blooming, it makes a pleasing appearance.

The *Manzanilla* (commonly called the *Manganil*) grows like the pear-tree, and bears a most beautiful apple of the rankest poison. One would imagine, from its delightful tempting appearance, and the bad consequence of the taste, that it was the tree so fatal to our first mother,—which being of beautiful aspect, and a poisonous nature, *Adam* forbid her to eat thereof:—but *Eve*, having a *longing* inclination

nation to gratify herself, where she was enjoined to forbear, plucked the fruit of that forbidden (poisonous) tree,—“ whose mortal taste brought death “ into the world, and all our woe.”—In short, I suppose it blistered her mouth, which *Adam* removed by the application of the WHITE CEDAR, a tree always growing near, and meant by the God of Nature as an immediate antidote to so fatal and so tempting a poison.

The *Ficus Indicus*, called by the negroes, the *Prickly-Pear*, grows wild in all these western isles, and serves them for good fences, growing very high, and full of long bearded thorns, which will pierce the sole of a shoe :—it bears a beautiful red flower, fringed with white ;

white ;—the fruit has a most delicious taste, and of a deep purple colour, which according to the quantity eat, will more or less tinct the water.

The *Calabash* is a lofty spreading tree, the leaf in smell and shape much of your nectarine :—it has a most happy domestick quality in this country, producing drinking vessels for those who have not ingenuity to make them : it bears a globular fruit as big as a man's head, upon the bark of which the negros carve a thousand true love's knots and flourishes,—and when the pith is taken out, it serves for a variety of household uses.

I wish this arborous epistle may divert you; but if I am deficient in the
proper

proper terms, I hope my extraordinary observations may in some degree, compensate for a want of that necessary, *happy* obscurity, peculiar to all arborists and botanists.

I am, &c.

LET

L E T T E R XXVIII.

To L. L. Esq.

Tobago *, March 11, 1757.

TH^{O'} we are continually moving from island to island, nevertheless it affords no variety, for there is a sameness in the Creole,—and an equal inhospitality in the country. *Tobago* is an entire wood, but a fine rich soil, and worthy the attention of the islanders to clear it: the bays are well stocked with a variety of fish, and the woods with all kinds of fowl. The only inha-

* Is in the latitude of $11^{\circ} 10'$ North, being 45 leagues N. by E. half E. of Barbadoes.

bitants

bitants upon it are Indians, and a few French, who occasionally come from *Martinico* on turtle fishing. These savages are very shy, and at the same time very inoffensive; for, unless you disturb their little town, they will offer no violence to you. They are of a bright olive colour, and go almost naked, bearing no other arms than the bow and arrow; they subsist entirely by fishing and shooting, at which they are uncommonly expert;—the greatest presents you can make them, are knives and trinkets; the first for domestic uses, the second for the ornament of their ladies,—who are as active as the men, but less agreeable in appearance. This island

its proximity to the continent of *South America*, and being less frequented and disturbed. No place abounds more with snakes and serpents, which nevertheless are inoffensive; I have seen many of various sizes, which were as ready to retire from me, as I from them. The *Armadillo*, or Hog in armour, is frequently found here; it is a most harmless creature, and feeds upon insects: The coat of mail which covers the back, defends it from the enemy, into which it draws itself, like the hedge-hog:—it is esteemed a great rarity.

This island abounds with cabbage-trees, which nothing can surpass in loftiness and beauty.—The tree as justly claims the superiority amongst vegetables, as *London* does over it's neighbouring

bouring hamlets;—they are in their prime at 30 years growth, and are from 70 to 80 feet high.—There is only a tuft of leaves on the top, which is the cabbage, and to obtain it you must cut down the tree, which is hollow, and an incision may be made with a knife:—it is excellent boiled, but more agreeable when pickled.

I one day had an inclination to wander into the woods to gather oranges: but finding them so impenetrably thick and difficult to pass,—came to a small river, where I stripped off my cloaths, and waded a mile or two, without a sight of any thing human,—being resolved to penetrate some miles into the country by this method; I continued on, when to my astonishment, on the
side

side of the bank I found a little hovel, inhabited by a man, a dog, a cat, and some fowls; he received me with a silent politeness, and handed me into his hut; the age and gravity of his countenance commanded respect:—I was sometimes inclined to speak,—being divided in my opinion, whether he was an Indian or a European: at length, after a ceremonious pause, he broke silence in French,—which astonished me as much as his appearance. “ He told me he had lived that solitary life near one and twenty-years, without having convers’d with any thing human:—he said the Indians, (would sometimes) when hunting, call on him and give him part of the game they had taken, and shave off his beard with their

their knives; but he had never paid attention enough to their language to converse in it. His amusements for the time, had been gathering fruit, planting corn, and seeking shell fish in the river,—with which, and the blessing of God, he was content, not coveting the palaces and tables of monarchs, for prayer and solitude he preferred before the bustle, vice and luxury of the world.” When I asked him the cause of his retirement, he hung his head, and wept,—then continued: “ A party quarrel happened amongst the priests of *Martinico*, in which he was a chief; —but the superior disputants dreading the consequences of some particular tenets he advanced,—had him seized one night and landed on this island.” I

offered to take him to Europe,—which he politely refused,—declaring, “ He would rather live in that solitude than with the *Grand monarch* :—here (says he) I offend no man, and no man offendeth me,—and when I die,—I trust, these mountain savages will have charity enough to bury me.” Thus discoursing, I returned with the hermit down the river, and at our tents we gave him tools, cloaths, food, &c. with which he happily retired.—I hope the Indians will have patience to wait his death, for they must be heirs to his dog, his cat, his tools, and maple-dish ;—but things of this kind will stimulate a savage to perpetrate a murder, as soon as gold will us ;—but, Heaven protect this poor hermit !

O CURIOSITY ! you led me first

To the poor Hermit's little peaceful hut,
 Where savage feet had only trod before.
 Steep was the pathless bank, and by it roll'd
 A sleepy stream to wed the briny flood.
 Four posts bore up th' inwoven'd hurdle
 roof,

And porous canes receiv'd his unclad limbs
 In sleep ; and when he dream'd, the silent
 woods
 Heard all his dreams ; but Heaven all his
 pray'rs.

A faithful dog watch'd faithful by his side,
 And shew'd more love, more gratitude to
 him,

Than he as man, had ever known from man.
 O blush ! and learn fidelity from dogs ;
 Dogs have been true, to men who have been
 brutes !

One knew ULYSSES *, when unknown at
home,

And leaping up for joy, with joy expir'd.

Around the hut, the painted chanticler

Sounded his wings, and crow'd his early song :

Th' ungrateful cat here pur'd in vain for
mice,

To keep in exercise her savage claws :

For all was solitude and peace.—

From this place we shall proceed on
a cruise off *Martinico*, from whence I
hope to send you some account of our
good success.

I am, &c.

* *Argus*, a faithful dog, who was the only
servant that knew his master, after his long ab-
sence at the siege of *Troy*.

LET.

L E T T E R XXIX.

To H. M. Esq.

St. Kits, June 13, 1757.

ALTHO' we sail this day with 170
 sail of ships for *England*, yet I neverthe-
 less write to you, imagining they may
 delay our passage. In nine months
 cruising, our success has only been
 three prizes, for which I've received
 about three pounds:—thus, enriched
 and honoured, we leave these islands,
 and yet, before we absolutely depart,
 I must give you a general character of
 these people. The *Creoles* are a vola-
 tile, haughty, ignorant people; fond

of dress, pomp and pageantry, and slaves to all the *Cardinal Vices* : we, who defend them from the insults of the enemy, are deemed foreigners, and all the respect they pay to the *Mother Country*, they call coming to *England*, coming home. In *Antigua* and *Barbadoes* an officer seldom escapes public affronts, which if he resents, they are ready to accept the challenge, yet prudent in never keeping the appointment : but, I believe, these feuds have been heightened by the controversies which have subsisted between them and Mr. Frankland.—The women, in general, unhappily cherish a low pride ; few are acquainted with good breeding,—and more unacquainted with modesty.—

Swearing

Swearing in a vulgar corrupted dialect at their slaves is general; never unmasking in the streets to a *foreigner* general, and ogling and intriguing nowhere more common:—which in a great measure may be attributed to the men, who carry on amours with their lady's slaves, and the less private, the more *degagé* and genteel.—I do not mean in this to depreciate the characters of those ladies who have their education in *England*,—I only confine this character to those islanders who never wander'd further than the smoak of their own huts.—I beg leave to send you a few lines written here, in answer to Mr. ULTON's verses in praise of these people.

THE CREOLE.

To see a tyrant in an abject state,
 Too mean to live, aspiring to be great.
 Does it not shock the truly nobler mind,
 To see such monsters mingl'd with mankind!
 Thus have I seen a wood of spreading trees,
 Strip'd of their foliage by th' autumnal breeze,
 Their leaves by various winds puff'd ev'ry
 way,
 And mixt promiscuous, wither and decay.

There turn, my Muse, and view that sunny hill,
 Where whisp'ring zephyrs turn a little mill!
 There view the sons of Africk's golden shore,
 Drove by the lash, and working in their
 gore:

There view the *Creole* ruling with a nod,

The

The man forgetting, struts a *Demi-god* !
 Forbear ye western sons, nor thus despise
 The slave you make, whom Heaven made as
 wife !

“ God with an equal eye beholds us all,
 “ The planter perish, or the negro fall !”
 Had Heaven bestow'd you an imperial ray,
 Would Heaven have hid it in plebeian clay ?
 O wretched pride ! spun through life's
 wretched span ;

Is not the slave, tho' black, a Heaven form'd
 man ?

Do not the breezes, which refresh proud you,
 Visit the hut, and fan the negro too ?

Does nature, *Creole*, own thy empty sway,
 Will not the ass before a CÆSAR bray ?

O cease, vain reptile, give the black his due,
 “ The world was made for *Scots* and NE-
 GROES too !”

Are

Are they not forc'd in chains from *Gambia's*
shore

By you, to taste of LIBERTY no more ?

But should we ask, How came *MacDuggle* here?

Mute rests the tongue, and thunder-struck's
the ear :

Obnoxious to the law for some damn'd crime,
He flies from *England* to some savage clime.

With an impartial eye, survey the two,

The captive negro's just,—but what are you ?

Shame, like a whirlwind, swallow up your
pride,

Or Heaven, from better men,—your clan di-
vide.

But how could ULTON prostitute his muse,
To praise an isle, unworthy his abuse !

To praise a frothy, wretched race, earth's
scum,

And

And feat an Angel with an *Abfalom* !
I love the poet, but the theme in rhyme,
Is much beneath the *Prior* of the time.

We are happily setting sail from this
land,—to one flowing with milk and
honey.

I am, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XXX.

To H. M. Esq;

Emden, December 24, 1757.

I DON'T know any situation in life where the character, fortune, and reputation of youth, are so deeply and unfairly staked, as at a publick examination. It cannot be called a true and just trial of genius and ability,—when impudence and ignorance succeed, where modesty and capacity fail. These truths are but too obvious in all places of public examination, particularly in our *Colleges*: or dulness and licentiousness could never crawl with such rapid success

success to our pulpits. A formal pedantic examination, as established for many years, is often neglected and despised by some peculiar students: Sir *Isaac Newton* was a very particular instance, and was near being expelled for his want of knowledge in the *classicks*, tho' that happy ignorance raised him above all the astronomical wits in the world. I knew one of the first rate geniuses of the present age, one of the greatest ornaments to literature, baffled by the sudden command, " Translate into Latin one of your own periodical papers!—tho' at the same time his abilities were as transcendently superior to his examiners, as SHAKESPEARE to *Stephen Duck*. Public examinations of all kinds are venal and abused;

abused; ignorance and interest will go before sense and merit, and impudence before both. The first institution of public examinations were intended for a public good, to prevent dullness and ignorance occupying those particular departments, established and designed for men of sense and erudition: but we now find, in spite of such methods,—that dunces may obtain a mitre, and *Lubbers* *, maritime commissions.—It is true, that I have obtained my diploma from the court of *Neptune*,—but I hope not like those given in Scotland, where you purchase A. M. without the gift of either read-

* A sea term for a dull sailor.

ing or writing: I cannot boast of abilities, but I can repeat with gratitude my thanks for the *lieutenancy* you have obtained me. We arrived here in the *Jason* on the 19 instant, with Brudenell's regiment, to reinforce this garrison, which was abandoned by 10,000 French the day before, absolutely intimidated with the thoughts of English forces. *Emdden* is the capital of *Emdelandt*, of East *Friezland*, in the circle of *Westphalia*, subject to the King of *Prussia*, and taken from the Dutch. The town is situated up a small river which falls into the river Ems; behind it is a large basin for shipping, where they are laid up in the winter and repaired. It is an extensive city, and well fortified; the
houses

houses lofty, and built in the gothic taste; the streets are narrow, and irregularly paved, and through the centre of them runs a fine canal, embellished with a number of airy light bridges. It is surprising to me, how this country has been so long secured from a total inundation: what astonishment must possess the mountaineer, when he sees the surface of the water many feet higher than the land? and here the breaking down of a bank occasions as great a consternation, as a mad bull breaking in amongst the London citizens at high 'change time. The Friezlanders (who call themselves Prussians, as being the subjects of the Prussian monarch) are a stout, robust, hearty people;

ple; well made and handsome. The women are, in general little, round shouldered, and very plain; and altho' they are fair and fresh coloured, yet it is a fairness that falls greatly short of the English. The dress of the ladies is neat, and much like the other provinces of *Holland*. They wear flat caps, and forehead cloaths, which hide that little beauty they are blest with, and instead of high heeled shoes, they wear noisy rattling slippers. The only pleasing situation I have seen them in, is coming to market on the ice, where men and maids promiscuously follow with great steadiness and swiftness, to dispose of the produce of their farms. The French have committed great ra-

vages about this place, and have exacted large sums of money from the inhabitants; in some places, even wantonly and most inhumanly, murdering men, women and children.

I am, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXI.

To H. M. Esq;

Lisbon, December 14, 1758.

I HAVE now made a most agreeable change from a passage vessel to a real man of war. In short, Sir, I have quitted the *Jason*, where we had not one hope of the golden fleece, for the *Dorsetshire*, where we have every expectation, and are bound on a second expedition to *Cholchis*, without any dan-

ger from *Medea's* charms. I need not tell you this ship took the *Raisnable*, commanded by the prince *De Maubasson*; an action, that has been related in every village with glory to the victors, and with so much honour to Mr. *Denis* and his officers, that a repetition from me may wear the air of adulation, tho' every encomium would fall infinitely short of that praise due to them. Our cruises against the *Brest* fleet have hitherto proved unsuccessful, and our disappointments encreased by the narrow escape of a stout squadron from *Quebec*,—and yet we have retaken the *Winchelsea*, which separated from them about 50 leagues to the westward of *Ushant*, taken by eight sail of the line.

in

in her passage from *Carolina*. The making reprisals before the declaration of war, has made prizes so very scarce in these seas, that notwithstanding we have crossed the bay of *Biscay* seven times, we have not intercepted one French ship; in which cruises, our provisions being expended, we came into the river *Tagus* to refit and victual. LISBON*, the metropolis of the kingdom of *Portugal*, is situated on the north bank of the *Tagus*, about twelve miles from the entrance of the river: but alas! how it is fallen from that elegance, that magnificence it boasted before the earthquake: ere that melan-

* In the latitude of $3^{\circ} 42'$ North, and longitude $8^{\circ} 53'$ East of London.

lancholy ruin and catastrophe, it might vie with the fairest cities in Europe; and by the appearance it now makes in ruins from the opposite shore, it is easy to imagine how superb it must have been when erect and in order. The greatest curiosities were confined to the churches, convents and nunneries, of which there were forty-five parish churches, twenty-two convents of monks, friars and jesuits, with their churches, and twenty nunneries with their peculiar churches, besides the college of *St. Antaon*, and the English and Irish colleges. These churches, in general, were elegant and richly adorned with curious valuable paintings, laced furniture, lamps, candlesticks, images, crucifixes, and many of the altars were

porphyry, massy gold, or silver; but of these surprising edifices, with all their wealth, there is now but *St. Roque's* and the *King's chapel* standing. The children of *Ignatius of Loyola* have the convent and church of *Saint Rocque's*, which church is accounted the most spacious, elegant and rich in the kingdom. The altar in this edifice is of massy gold; the steps and pavement of the finest porphyry:—over the former—is *Saint John* baptizing *Jesus Christ* in the river of *Jordan*,—which is expressed in marble, most curiously inlaid:—the face, the drapery, &c. exceed the most masterly finished paintings I ever saw. —The King's chapel is near the palace, and is the cathedral to the patriarchate of *West Lisbon*; it has pe-

culiar privileges and solemnities, which are performed by a patriarch, who officiates like a *Pope*, attended by four and twenty cardinals robed: nothing can surpass the harmony of this church, for the best musicians are selected from amongst the natives, nor is any price spared to invite them from *Italy*. This beautiful city was originally fortified by a *Moorish* wall, flanked by seventy-seven towers, some of which are now standing. Lisbon now measures, in its ruins along the river side from the gate of *Alcantra* to *Xebregas*, six miles, and 14 in circumference;—but as the present king does not intend to rebuild it, but to erect a new city at *Belem*, it will be, in a short time, as much in length as circumference. Nothing can equal

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equal the melancholy of this dreary place,
—nor can any one person describe or
relate you half of its miseries and mis-
fortunes.

I am, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXII.

To L. L. Esq.

Lisbon, December 15, 1758.

MY dear friend, the pen of immortal *Dryden* could not convey those terrible scenes we are presented with here: such havock, such devastation and ruin, the eye never beheld; and yet, from its elevated situation, it may with propriety, be called even lovely in death. The town and ruins stand on seven distinct hills;—the streets are narrow and very steep,—which makes it very inconvenient for the passage of carriages;—therefore all kinds of heavy labourious

laborious work is done with panniers, born by mules and asses:—the ladies pay their visits in chaises, or rather litters, and the gentlemen in the most pompous *manage* manner, ride on horseback from house to house, (and to do them justice) with ease and elegance. The houses of the citizens are very mean, with lattice windows; they are built prodigious high, and contain a number of families, for the Portuguese seldom occupy more than one room; and notwithstanding this earthquake has involved them in such ruin, yet still such pride, sloth and ignorance possess them, that if they proceed no faster in proportion than they have already done, it will be two centuries before they clear away the rubbish, and
re-

restore *Lisbon* to its ancient glory. The ruins are so inconceivable, that I don't think it possible to convey to you any idea of their horror. The old city is entirely demolished, where you may walk for miles together without seeing one compleat house!—sometimes you are presented with the shell of a most noble edifice, with the roof fallen in and the floors broke through, with some appearance of the most costly furniture and paintings: It is impossible there can be a more melancholy walk, than through these dreary streets (for they are cleared for the passage of people as before.) It appears on each side like a ruinous church-yard, strew'd with skulls and bones. But the present horrors are trivial, if we recollect
those

those at the unhappy time, when fire raged in general through the town,—when the earth swelled and rolled like a confus'd irritated sea,—and the people reeled about like drunken men, unable to support themselves on their legs. In this miserable time, the poor wretches fled different ways for safety,—some to their churches to implore protection of their saints, where thousands, of the same faith, shared the same fate. At this time the custom-house quay was the strongest building in the city, where upwards of 2,000 people assembled for security,—or hoping to reach the shipping:—but, alas, how soon were all their hopes abolished!—for the place on which they stood sunk down,—and was immediately covered

vered over with water,—there being now upon that spot 50 feet.—It is surprising what indolence sleeps in the veins of the *Portuguese*:—upon such an alarming occasion, when life was so immediately in danger,—one would imagine men would be uncommonly active to save themselves;—but upon this quay, every man sunk with his cloak about him,—nor was there a hat or any one trifling thing, ever seen on the surface of the water.—The chasm was perhaps some hundreds of fathoms deep, but the earth closing suddenly upon them, might prevent even the rising of any light body with the water. Such scenes of poverty and horror, no place ever produced;—families, who the other day lived in wealth

wealth and luxury, beg about the streets;—I have been accosted by a lady for my charity, with four black slaves following her in the most polite manner; at the same time she pleaded with dignity, that the misfortunes of her family arose from the earthquake.

I am, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To G. T. Esq.

Lisbon, December 20, 1758.

ALthough the earthquake has occasioned such ruin and devastation, yet it has given liberty to many, who otherwise would never have enjoyed that happy blessing. Upon the first alarm the doors of the different nunneries were thrown open, and some hundreds of fair young nuns have entirely made their escapes to other countries. Many of them are the daughters of the noblest families, and for their detection great premiums are publickly offered.

Some

Some parts of the inquisition are destroyed, but I fear their charity never extended to relieve those confined there. The numbers killed, by the registers of the different churches, are 80,000, by computation 150,000.

But of all the moving melancholy tales related of this earthquake, nothing can equal the situation of the French ambassador's daughter: she was found in the ruins of her father's house almost expiring, and so situated, that they could no ways disengage her from the place she was fixed in, but by making an amputation above each knee; she is now living, and beautiful in misfortune.

The edifices of the *Dutch* and *English* have received the least damages,

but the *Portuguese* priests were very assiduous to destroy them,—by declaring to the king of *Portugal*,—That the God of Heaven had afflicted his people with this calamity,—for the sins committed by the hereticks he admitted to reside in his city. His majesty, who is neither divine, philosopher or politician, most *wisely* replied,—“ It is plain the
 “ judgment’s upon them,—when their
 “ structures and possessions are entire
 “ — and yours are level with the
 “ ground.”

Ever since this melancholy affair,—the priests have been aiming at the destruction of the English merchants,—and will in time accomplish it, if the court of *London* does not exert itself in their favour.

Here

Here is a nunnery still entire, belonging to the *English* Roman-catholics of the order of *Saint Bridget*.—originally settled at *Sion* house, near *Brentford*, of which they boast: but at the extirpation of them, they transmigrated and settled in *Portugal*, and if times should ever change in their favour, this (they think) will prove the justness of their right to the seat of the present *Earl of Northumberland*.

They shew you an image of the blessed virgin, which (they say) some divine messenger one night transported from *Sion* to *Lisbon*, at the pure and pious ejaculation of the lady abbess.

There is no doubt but *Sion* house has been originally a nunnery, and that a monastery of friars was founded at *West*

Shene, on the opposite side of the river *Thames*; for it is evident those bodies had, and will ever have a religious communication; a demonstration of which may be every day seen by visiting *Sion* house, where you will find a subterraneous passage under the river *Thames*, upwards of a mile in length,—extending from the original nunnery, to the friary. I am told the damp is now so great, by neglecting to keep the passage open, that it is difficult to preserve lights to go thorough.—You see

Priests, like *Alphæus*, by some secret sluice,
Will steal *sub terra* to their ARETHUSE.

Farewell.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXIV.

To H. M. Esq.

Lisbon, December 22, 1758.

THERE is no country, let the people in general be ever so despicable,—but something may be learnt from them,—and if one people are more ignoble than another,—surely the *Portuguese* are the most so. But what I want to observe to you, is the order of their markets,—which if we imitate, must prove a general good to the commonwealth. The *Rebeira*, or fish market, is beyond any other I have seen in the world,—for variety, cheapness and good-

ness. Adjoining to it on the east side of the square *Terriero de Paco*, i. e. the palace square, is a corn market, divided into different shops,—where the factors expose their grain in bins, nor are they allowed to dispose of any out of this place. The same rule is observed with the flesh,—which the butchers are not suffered to slaughter in the city, but in the fields, or at the very extent of the suburbs: the shambles are built small and regular, and lined with clean Dutch tiles; and these markets, as well as those for poultry, garden-stuff, fruit and other eatables, are all examined by the *City Council*, and the *Office of Health*, who have a power to destroy whatever is not good, and fix daily the price of every thing,—which
is

is marked over all the stalls; so the person who goes to market, pays the settled price, without altercation or trouble, and takes his meat. Was this happy custom generally established in the city of London, the poor might live, and the rich enjoy delicacies without fraud or imposition. I have found no other manners or customs among the *Portuguese*, worth imitation; a general abolition of taste and literature reign thro' the kingdom, which makes it the more surprising when we consider the many seminaries which are founded for studious applications and solitude. Philosophy is the principal study pursued in their monasteries; from which, one would imagine, *Portugal* would produce the greatest philosophers in the world:—if

man possess genius, nothing can help it so much as regularity and sobriety; and to appearances, nothing can exceed the simplicity of their diet. But alas! there is very little religion, sense or virtue amongst them:—The priesthood are the most flagitious and abandoned of mankind;—for all their sanctity consists in shav'd heads, bare feet and woollen garments, and such it must ever be, while Portugal adopts the subsequent maxim: *Fear the man that thinks, the man that reads, and the man that writes.*—The following laconick character of these people, was (with justice) given me by an English lady who resides here. “ The *Portugueze*, said she, are peacocks in the streets, slovens in their own houses, gluttons
“ at

“ at other men’s tables, and thieves
 “ and dunces from their cradles.” The
 ignorance of the people, in general, is
 greatly owing to the villainy of the
 clergy, who fill them with superstition
 to keep them in awe, and deprive them
 of all the advantages of education.
 You never meet in any state, potentate,
 or republick, a *Portuguese* of any exalt-
 ed abilities ;—they seem and are an
 outcast of the world,—and if ever they
 possess the smallest talents, they are de-
 voted and exercised in murder, thefts and
 lust.

The kingdom of *Portugal* is most
 undoubtedly governed by the clergy ;
 they possess and enjoy every thing, and
 are certainly the only class who with
 truth can be said to live : they lead the
 whole

whole nation through such superstitious paths, that the rich cannot retain their wealth, when the church stands in need of it. Indeed their appearance does credit to the publick, for no Roman Catholics can excel their ecclesiastick fat and jollity; nor hath *Venus* and *Bacchus* truer or stricter votaries, for the nun and the bottle are their sole objects of real adoration.

I am, &c.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXV.

To L. L. Esq;

Lisbon, December 24, 1758.

IT grieves me to be continually writing, without having it in my power to say any thing in praise of these people : —they are slaves from the nature of their government, and the tyranny of the clergy renders them at once the most abject wretches in the world. They are proud amidst poverty, and indolent, though starving in a country which will almost cultivate itself. Nothing can equal the serenity of this climate, and the purity of the air; it is
certainly

certainly the softest and the mildest in the universe; and tho' it inspires the weak and sickly of other nations with new life and spirits, it makes none of these happy impressions on the *Portuguese*. The men are of a morose, gloomy disposition, much given to jealousy and envy; extremely slothful, and naturally cowards:—the only polite qualification they can boast of, is dancing a minuet well. Summer or winter they wear the same cloak; in the cold weather to keep them warm, and when hot to keep the heat out. Swords and embroidery some years ago were universally wore, till an edict passed to suppress them; at the same time confining the men to the wear of black cloaths. This hath proved a most prudent prohibition, for
the

the men spent all their fortunes in foppery, while their families were feeding on oil and *Sardinias* * at home. Bagwigs are even more used here than in *France*.—I have seen a blacksmith shoe a mule in one. The men are very vain of their military abilities, without that cardinal qualification, prowess;—and, altho' without courage, will presumptively assert, that their army and the maritime power of *England* would conquer the world. Alas! they do not merit the very name of soldiers,—and to make them worse, they seldom or ever receive any pay,—which makes them beg under arms. I have seen a captain of horse go most sumptuously dres-

* A small fish like a sprat.

fed to market, there buy a pound of beef, fold it up in his handkerchief, put it in his hat, and then strut away with it under his arm, with all the pomp and impudence of a *Portuguese*. It does not appear to me, that there are any people fit to bear arms, but the clergy;—especially if there is any thing in the size or appearance of soldiers, or even if arms require strength to wield them. But what a figure must they cut before an enemy, if instead of arms they have only recourse to reliques and images?—for they won't march a step, unless some *stock* of a saint is bore in the van to head their cause. A few days ago, a terrible fire broke out, and the only method they took to extinguish it, was by throwing in their reliques and

saints

faints by way of holy fuel :—some English seamen passing by, attempted to put it out, which they resented, and pelted them away for their heretical presumption ; so the fire continued raging in spite of prayer and promises of penance, and would have destroyed an hundred houses, had not some *English* merchants solicited a body of seamen to extinguish it,—which they soon performed to the amazement of these deluded fools. I often divert myself at the window, with a priest begging of the country people as they come to market, for departed souls detained in purgatory : some bestow an orange, some an onion, some a clove of garlick, and some more generously a turnip,—for which he gives in return an infallible benediction, and then staggers

gers to his monastery under the load.—
 The *Whore of Babylon* refuses nothing,—
 and of all concubines in the universe,
 she is the worst. I really believe I shall
 leave *Portugal* with a worse opinion
 than Lord *Tyrawley* did :—he said, He
 knew but two gentlemen in the king-
 dom,—the French ambassador, and friar
 Austin of the English nunnery ;—which
 are certainly two more than I have the
 happiness to be acquainted with.

I am, &c.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

To Miss E. T.

Lisbon, December 27, 1758.

Yesterday I was dancing at a villa in the country, and my partner was a young lady of fifteen, just come out of the nunnery:—it would have given you much pleasure to have seen the difference between a free and a confined education:—she did not even appear to know the common objects of life, or the use of words or feet:—she never spoke; and when she danced, she walked in a most solemn manner, with her eyes fixed on the ceiling,—as if she had no

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other

other idea than prayer and confession :
 — but, indeed, she was beautiful to admiration, which amply compensated for that peculiar awkwardness attained by a recluse life. She had the whiteness of the lilly, and the blushes of the rose; her stature was low, her hair, which was jet black, was braided with ribbands, and flow'd in ringlets to the ground. With this young goddess I pass'd the happiest silent meeting of my life, but had it been improv'd by conversation,—it must have been enchantment; for nothing but divine rhetorick could have flow'd from the mouth of such a HEBE. Upon this occasion we had an elegant cold collation, but being a religious fast with the *irreligious Portuguese*, they were obliged to regale themselves *privately* in

the pantry, while we enjoyed the repast in publick ; but to have immediate absolution for eating of *forbidden fruit*,—they took care to have a friar to partake with them;—who enjoyed the luxury with the calmest conscience, while they stuffed and trembled for fear of divine vengeance.—This beautiful young lady was the daughter of a nobleman, and is since married.—The ladies are, in general, extremely handsome, with all that delicacy peculiar to the fair-sex ; their complexions are chiefly brown, their faces round their eyes black and sparkling:—but alas ! all these beauties are soon destroyed by that abominable custom of painting, which is practised here to excess. Their natural temper is gay and chearful ; but yellow eyed jealousy, which is so very

predominant in the men,—makes them appear grave in company, though their inclinations are ever so contrary. Their chastity, in general, is great,—but they never receive a visit from a single gentleman, unless their intentions are to intrigue. Their dress is a mixture of the French, Spanish and Italian,—but their peculiar pride lies in the ornament of their hair, which is braided and adorned with a number of tortoise-shell combs. The present queen seems to be the *Amazon* of the world:—her time is entirely devoted to manly diversions,—as shooting, hunting and fishing,—in which exercises she is so perfect a DIANA, that few men can exceed her. I heard a Yorkshire gentleman declare, the severest day's hunting he ever passed, was with her:

her :— she will kill on horseback of single birds, eighty brace of partridges in a day,—and in fishing she is equally expert.—But notwithstanding sylvan amusements are pursued by the king and queen of *Portugal*, they do not extend to the rest of the people. In short, she is so much the buskin'd goddess, that I think the extraordinary courage, and equestrian exploits of your celebrated *Di Draper*, could entitle her to no other place of honour,—than an attendant nymph to this royal huntress.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

To L. L. Esq.

Lisbon, December 28, 1758.

THERE are no states but have more or less suffered from *Favourites*, and here the machinations of a favourite pimp,—had nearly ruined king and kingdom. This pander was employed by his late majesty, and being excellent in the art of intrigue, was continued by the son, and for his services is since raised to places of the most important trust. This active Mercury, being ever studious to find new objects of gallantry for his royal master, created the jealousy of
the

the queen, who has more than once attempted to assassinate him. Every body appears petrified in *Lisbon*, staring at one another with the strangest consternation, without having courage to speak their sentiments on so dreadful a subject : even Englishmen, who have the freedom of speech every where, seem tacit on this theme.—The troops are called from the frontiers to surround the city, and a general embargo is laid upon all shipping, that none of the assassins may escape. An attempt to make a revolution in the kingdom of *Portugal* does not in the least surprize me, when we consider how ill the state has been managed, and what feuds have lately subsisted : his majesty's confidence being solely placed in the breast of a man who was his father's

porter;—carrying on new amours with ladies of the first dignity; neglecting the business of the common weal in general, and retarding the pay of the army eighteen months; these, added to a thousand other grievances, have been the cause of this intended assassination and revolution. The time fixed for the perpetrating this murder, was in the close of the evening, when the king was returning incog. with his *Pandarus*, from some sweet *Cressida*,—(who is certainly a very near relation of the duke *D'Aveiro*.) His chaise was stopped by three men on horseback,—when the postilion answered, It is the king:—to which they replied,—“ It is what we want;”—and immediately discharged a pistol, which passed through the chaise without doing
any

any injury ;—the second wounded the favourite in the breast, who fell to the bottom,—and the king, to save himself from the fire, sunk down upon him, but holding still by one of the tassels, the third ball went through his right arm. Having only three servants with him, one of them had stopped to water his horse, but hearing the reports of the pistols, rode briskly up, and pursuing them, came near enough to distinctly discern one of the duke's horses. The scheme was well concerted, and might have been more fatal to the king, but a blunderbuss missed fire which was carried by the duke. This very evening the duke *D'Aveiro* gave a most splendid ball to the nobility,—and in the height of their mirth and gaiety, left the room,

changed

changed his dress and disappeared.—The discovery of this affair is very singular : —a cobbler, who had long courted one of the under servants, embraced this night of hurry, as a more favourable time to see his mistress ;—but being in one of the rooms through which the duke must pass, and hearing him suddenly advance, and not having time to escape, they secreted themselves under a large table. Upon the duke's coming in, he threw down the blunderbuss, saying, —“ Thou hast failed me in the most “ critical moment of my life.” To which his confederates replied,—“ Your grace “ need not be uneasy, we certainly dis- “ patched all that were in the chaise.”—The duke then dressed, and returned with the same appearance of gaiety to his

his company,—and relieved the two lovers from their place of confinement. The cobbler hearing the next day of the affair, and recollecting the particular conduct and words of the duke, related the circumstances to a father confessor, upon which the duke, his family, and many of the nobility were immediately apprehended, and their goods confiscated:—amongst which were a stand of 4000 arms. This scheme of assassination was certainly planned by the *Jesuits*, and the duke *D'Aveiro* was to have been immediately crown'd,—for the troops on the king's death would have revolted to a man; and by a vessel just arrived from the *Brasils*, we learn, that the *Jesuits* are so certain of the revolution, that they have even declared the duke king of *Portugal*,

tugal, &c. This intelligence has given the king and ministry such fresh alarms, that they seem determined to extirpate the whole race. When halcyon days will return amongst these unhappy people, I cannot tell,—but seas of blood will be spilt,—and many bleed though innocent, as

Your, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

To H. M. Esq.

Lisbon, January 1, 1759.

T H E 13th of February is fixed for the melancholy execution of the unhappy family of the duke *D'Aveiro*, with many other principal nobles of *Portugal*, without respect to age, persons, or sex. A subterraneous inquisition too, is just finished, at which no person has been suffered to work, without first taking the oaths of secrecy, where invention has been racked to establish the most cruel tortures,—which some hundreds of these unhappy people

5 will

will privately suffer. The place of public execution is to be at *Belem*, where the duke *D'Aveiro*, the marquis of *Tavaro* his son, his wife, children, and some others are to be racked singly,—that each may suffer from the horrors endured by the child and parent: the scaffold is erected opposite to the place of their confinement, where eight wheels are fixed for their execution. The marchioness of *Tavora* is to be beheaded; the young marquis of *Tavora*, the count of *Atouguia*, and three servants, are to be strangled at the stake, and their limbs afterwards broken. The duke *D'Aveiro*, and the marquis of *Tavora*, are to have their limbs broke alive, and two ladies near relations to
this

this unhappy family, have died raving mad in the convent of *Das Grilas*.

The prevention of this assassination has been fortunate to the reigning family, and tho' the execution of the assassins will be cruel, dreadful and bloody, nevertheless it does not occasion even a whisper here, when with you it would make a riotous murmur.—The duke *D'Aveiro* is a well made little man, lively and agreeable, and in the 51st year of his age.—The marquis of *Tavora*, who is sprung from the most illustrious family of Portugal, is about 55; genteel, middle stature, of a comely countenance and grave.—The marchioness of *Tavora* his wife, is thin and short, easy and courteous in her behaviour, and affectionate to her husband, children

dren and family : she bears the character of an amiable woman, a good mother, and a lady of great understanding. In her 50th year she attended the marquis to *India*, and in her 59th dies with her husband.—The two sons of this unhappy aspiring couple, one aged 36, the other 23, suffer with their parents.—The earl of *Atouguia* is a surly disagreeable man, about 36 years of age, and married into the *Tavora* family. If you knew how dangerous it was to speak here, you would be the more surprised to find me acquainted with so many particulars relative to these conspirators. We have been detained by the king many days longer than the commodore intended staying,—by way of awing the rebels ; and to be sure,

were

were our cannon required, we could in a few hours level that, unshook by the earthquake;—but the fruit belonging to the merchants being long packed, and subject to damage, the commodore has determined, for the sake of the cargoes to depart,—at the same time leaving three ships of war to protect the port. The departure is no ways disagreeable to me, for I can safely say, I at once bid adieu to capital theft, murder, ignorance and ruin.

I am, &c.

P. S. The noblest, useful piece of architecture in this country, is the aquæduct, which conveys all the water used in the city upwards of ten miles:—the arches are built in a conic form,

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and

and the centre one is big enough to let the *Royal George* pass through under sail. It has received very little damage from the earthquake.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

To H. M. Esq.

Off the Port of Brest, July 23, 1759.

Yesterday early in the morn, we were most agreeably surprized with the sight of four French men of war, under the land; but falling calm, it prevented a general action. Mr. HERVEY in the Monmouth, received and returned several broadsides;—but the enemy's ship grounding, and he being under the fire of three batteries, was obliged to come off to save his ship. —No officer in the king's service could

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acquitt.

acquit himself with greater gallantry upon the occasion, nor behave with more vigilance and assiduity. These four ships of war were intended to protect eight transports to *Goree*. We are now anchored in the road of *Brest*, with all the ease and composure you can conceive men to have, whose most ardent wishes are to try their strength with their foe :—we ride in the sight of four French flags, and 13 sail of line of battle ships,—and offer such daily insults on their own dunghil, that, were they men of courage,—they would fight, tho' sure of losing the victory : but upon my word, I believe it would perplex human invention, to find a sufficient provocative to make them come to action. Every news-paper which is

brought out here,—is filled with far-
 casms and abuse of us—for bad con-
 duct, &c. tho' at the same time, no-
 thing can surpass Sir Edward Hawke's
 vigilance, and no French admiral his
 courage and judgment. Every time
 you hear that we are to the northward of
Ushant,—the city cries out, “ What can
 “ they be doing, to give the French
 “ such an opportunity to come out ?”
 —not considering or knowing at this
 time it blew a storm from the west.
 These gentlemen should be a little more
 acquainted with geography and navi-
 gation; before they commit their opi-
 nions to the press: they should consider
 with a westerly wind, it is necessary to
 keep the English channel open, for fear
 of wrecking this fleet on the coast of

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France ;—and li
wind, prevents t
in *Brest* water. I
are quite as igno
sonage, who aske
“ Whether he m
“ tree in the ni
think upon this
fortunes depend,
people in it, you
fresh provisions a
pity this charita
cur sooner,—for
sickly ; besides,
in the provisions
diately on their
have been conde
This arises from
bribery, which

and likewise, that that very
vents the stirring of any ship
ter. Indeed your city failors
as ignorant as the noble per-
no asked Sir *Walter Raleigh*,
r he made his ship fast to a
the night."—Tho' you truly
n this fleet your lives and
epend, yet to support the
t, you have at last considered
sions are necessary:—it is a
charitable thought did not oc-
r,—for alas! we are very
sides, there is such an abuse
visions sent out,—that imme-
their arrival, a third part
condemned not fit to eat.
s from venal contracts and
which make it absolutely ne-
cessary

cessary for the government to appoint
men of sworn integrity, to inspect into
every thing, before shipped by agents
and contractors. You may be certain
a cruize with all these inconveniences
and inactivity, must be tedious and
disagreeable, and would be more so,
were we not amused by the passing and
repassing of ships to and from England.
I give you maritime scribble enough to
weary the patience of any man, and
yet we have nothing else to write, for
nothing else occurs;—and to fill a
letter up with duty, love and compli-
ment, would be only writing what is
daily written from every village in
England.—This nautick epistle was be-
gun the 23d of July, and had not been
finished the 2d of August,—if PRINCE

EDWARD had not come out in the *Hero*.
 —We received him yesterday, with all those military honours due to his illustrious birth and rank,—and with that peculiar pleasure which the subject must feel for a prince, whose qualities render him the admiration of all the world.—We are not a little proud of a king's brother being a midshipman; his *Royal Highness* going thro' the different degrees of the service, gives spirits to the whole corps,—and the attention he pays to the various duties of a fleet, will one day, be the happy means of making him a glory to his country.

I am, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XL.

To L. L. Esq;

Off Brest at Sea, August 16, 1759.

I HAD better send you my journal at once, with the hourly occurrences of the log, as be continually troubling you with dull anecdotes from on board of ship: if we have any thing new, it is of so trifling a nature, you will scarce have patience to peruse it,—and I am convinced, we can send you no news that is acceptable, but the beating of the French fleet; and your fears at home are so great,—that I believe you are sometimes inclined to think, they
will

will beat us : but if I can remove that doubt with a most faithful promise, I will, assuring you on my honour and life,—when ever they come out, we will beat them. There is no kind of doubt, but their intentions are to invade *Ireland*;—and that the duke *D'Aguillon* has an army ready to embark from *Quiberon* bay, as soon as the *Brest* fleet can appear to protect and convoy them. These dreadful menaces, tho' at a great distance, keep you in continual fears. For my own part, I cannot say whether *Conflans* will stir or no;—to appearances he does not seem to have much inclination; but we have two more objects in view, pleasing as his fleet,—and like *Bobadel*, we will beat them all. Monsieur *Bompar* is hourly expected

expected from the *West Indies*, and *De Clue* is certainly out of *Toulon*,—but I fear he is failed to the southward;—but if they should come this way, you may depend upon it Sir *Edward Hawke* will remit you pleasing accounts of his conduct.

Alas ! my dear friend, amidst these pleasing hopes,—the most melancholy accident has just attended two young gentlemen : perhaps, such as eye never beheld before, or ear ever heard related. They were climbing up the top-mast shrouds, one above the other, to make themselves acquainted with the particular duties of the ship ; Mr. Cox was the uppermost, but losing his hold, threw down Mr. Gaven below him ;—they struck with their heads upon the muzzles

muzzles of the guns, and fell into the water;—the time was very short before they were taken up, but neither of them ever spoke more. At this time I was walking the quarter-deck, and presented with this most horrid spectacle. It is impossible to tell you what I feel on the occasion, or even to describe the general grief of the ship's company, who seem to a man dejected,—and when they speak of their misfortunes, contend who can praise their virtues most. These young gentlemen were pupils of mine, in order to make them acquainted with the business of a seaman; and surely two nobler, wiser boys, never launched into the navy: had they been my brothers, I could not have loved them living more,—nor

can

can their dearest parent lament their memories with a truer grief, or have a more exalted opinion of their virtues. In the following epitaph, I have not said so much as they deserve,—and I lament that your affectionate friend is not possessed of a better pen to immortalize their virtues.

Dead, ere their prime, are LYCIDAS

And ADONIS, in vernal bloom,

Twins lovely blasted. Each young as good, and
Wise as young: as sweet as virtuous, innocent as sweet.

Both birds of

Paradise, in flight sublime, in plumage
Exquisite as song . . Why, gentle cherubs, did
You leave us thus? Why were your noble forms
emergent

Dash'd, from that airy eminence, to stain with
purest

Blood,

Blood, the
Ruthless sea?—Say, were ye of the bright
Seraphick host; and took upon ye only mortal weeds,
To show mankind how lovely angels are, and
make

Them quit the world,
For God?

Parents, if readers on this stone,
Retain the kindred tear: think,
What a present to the gods you've sent! yet
Still 'tis but the GREAT JEHOVAH's due, 'tis
what he lent. Let this
To after ages.

Be a proof, how lovely, how lamented VIRTUE
Is! Blameless they breath'd, and died
A pair unparallel'd; and with them took, as
much
Godness as could.
Live.

Farewell.

LE T

L E T T E R XLI.

To G. T. Esq;

Quiberon Bay, November 20, 1759.

I AM so full of joy and spirits at our own victory, that I can hardly be civil enough to take notice of *De Clue's* defeat,—tho' I assure you we thought we had a right to fight that gentleman, as he certainly designed to join *Conflans's* fleet: but Mr. Boscawen has saved us that trouble, and taken, with justice, our imaginary laurels to himself. The *Ocean*, commanded by *De Clue*, is on shore on the coast of *Portugal*, and he has lost one of his legs in
the

the action : two ships of 74, and one of 64 guns are taken, and one of 84, and one of 74 guns burnt; some have escaped to *Cales*, and some to *Lisbon*;—but to intercept these lame ducks, we have dispatched flying squadrons to every point of the compass. It is now with the French, as it is with the hares,—there is not a dog of any kind but thinks them lawful game, and that he has a right to hunt them,—and I heartily wish to have the pleasure of coursing these,—if they have courage enough to quit their *forms*.—On Saturday the 13th of October, a strong gale of wind at west, obliged us to bear up for Plymouth, from whence we sailed on the 19th,—and kept our station off the isle of *Ushant*, till November the 10th,—when

when a second storm at west drove us to *Torbay*, from whence we sailed on the 13th, but could not keep the sea. In this restless situation, we had some intelligence of the enemy's intentions to move, and prompted with hope and anxiety, got on the 16th within 17 leagues of *Ushant*, where the *Swallow* sloop most agreeably surprised us, with the account of *Conflans's* sailing from *Brest* on the 14th, with a fleet of 21 sail of the line and four frigates. It is impossible for you to conceive what joy this news gave our scurvy spirits, what an alteration it made when we had the most sanguine hopes of being revenged on a fleet, that had kept us at sea eight months, and every day wishing them to come out : we call it the

period of all our misfortunes,—and crown ourselves with the laurels of victory. Fired with the truest British courage, away we steered for *Belleisle*, being well assured the marshal of France meditated the destruction of Mr. Duff's squadron, which confined the vessels, intended for the transportation of the troops under the duke *D'Aguillon*, in a river contiguous to *Quiberon* bay. But how we have frustrated all their schemes this day! Discovering early in the morning this formidable *Armada* under *Belleisle*, Sir EDWARD HAWKE gave the general signal for chase;—when all, with equal emulation seem'd to start for the lillies of *France*. At half an hour past two in the afternoon, Sir *John Bentley* in the *War-spite* began the action,—

tion,—but—at too great a distance,—when Mr. *Denis* in the *Dorsetshire* past on, reserved his fire tho' continually cannonaded by the whole fleet, but was soon seconded by the *Resolution*, *Magnanime*, *Revenge*, *Torbay*, and *Defiance*: the contest was warm till half an hour past four, when the *These* sunk, and the *Formidable*, rear-admiral count de Vergèr, struck his colours. *Conflans* in the *Soleil Royal*, kept a running fire, steering directly for the shore,—and grounded before the *Royal George* could come up with her;—the night coming on, Sir Edward Hawke haul'd off, when the *Superbe* sunk close to him,—darkness prevented the fleet effecting more,—so a general signal was made to anchor.

The next morning discovered the damages done the preceeding evening: the *Dorsetshire* had 13 killed and 55 wounded; the *Resolution* dismasted on shore, also the *Essex* in endeavouring to assist her;—the crews of both were saved, excepting 80 men who went on shore on rafts; the *Magnanime* had 15 killed and 65 wounded; the *Revenge* had 8 killed and 30 wounded;—the *Torbay* 3 killed.—

Mr. *Denis*, after the action, received the particular thanks of Sir *Edward Hawke*, and the compliments of the captains of the fleet;—for if a distinguished courage and bravery, merit the private and public attention of mankind,—no person can have a greater right to it than himself.

One

One part of marshal *de Conflans*' conduct deserves your attention : when the count *de Vergèr* in the *Formidable* was warmly engaged with the flying van of Sir *Edward Hawke*'s fleet,—the marshal, according to the manœuvre of the French, kept the headmost ship,—and had a distant cannonading, supported by ten more, against the *Royal George*; but the night coming on and blowing hard, he brought the *Soleil Royal* to an anchor. The next morning at the dawn of day, when he came to consider his late conduct, he judiciously, to give a gloss to his defeat, run his ship on shore, and passing close to the *Hero*, (that had submitted in the action) he fired a shot at her,—upon which they slipped their cable, re-

hoisted their colours, and *bravely* followed their admiral on shore,—abandoning their ships to be plundered and burnt by us. This at *Paris* will be a sufficient theme for the most impudent gasconade, for by a good relation it will appear he lost his own ship in the action, but before he quitted her,—he retook by his bravery, vigilance and activity, the vanquished *Hero*.—When we consider the marshal's pusillanimity and behaviour,—there is some judgment in this action. The division commanded by the count *de Verger*, behaved very gallantly, and equal to the good example he gave them.—In the beginning of the action he was wounded, and carried from the deck,—but as soon as his wounds were dressed, he

was

was brought up in a chair,—where he was killed,—and his brother, who succeeded him in the command, fell soon after him ;—the second captain also being killed,—the command devolved on the first lieutenant, who struck the colours. The bodies of these three valiant men, were sent on shore by Sir *Edward Hawke*, and buried by the duke *D'Aguillon*, with all those military honours due to their exemplary characters.

I must confess, I am a little ashamed for detaining you so long in reading a mere sailor's letter, especially when I can only make this apology,—that writing after a great victory, gives an intoxication only known to those who have fought and conquered,—and

amongst the number to your friend,
sailor, and humble servant, &c.

P. S. This *Postscript* anecdote shall
not be tedious. When this mighty
fleet left *Brest*,—all the officers were
rolling about the decks with the sea
sickness,—and when they came to ac-
tion, were as unfit to fight as dance;
they might truly say, not sing with the
duke of Dorset,

“ What resistance can they find,

“ From men who’ve left their hearts and

“ *legs* behind.”

LET.

L E T T E R XLII.

To G. T. Esq.

Plymouth, December 23, 1759.

THE honours we acquired by beating the French fleet, compensated for all the fatigues of an eight months cruize, and the dangers of the battle : —but nothing can ever be equivalent to the horrors sustained in our passage home with the *Formidable* ; the misfortunes and distresses which afflicted the ship and crew, are not to be parallel'd : —she was often sinking from the number of shot holes received in the engagement,—dismasted by the violence of the storm, and for many hours the

sport of the winds and waves:—her
 coppers washed away,—for want of
 which, her people subsisted four days
 on the boatswain's tallow.—When the
Dorsetshire rejoin'd her in this melan-
 choly situation,—she had but ten days
 half allowance for 500 men,—and found
 herself under a necessity at that time,
 of assisting 1200 starved with hunger
 and fatigue:—but in the midst of
 these growing misfortunes, a favourable
 breeze sprung up, and brought us safe
 to this place,—where the first letter
 gave me a shock beyond all and
 every melancholy woe and hardship hi-
 therto experienced,—in the death of
 my uncle *Musgrave*. O my friend!
 what have we lost?—All that was great,
 good, honourable, or virtuous; all that
 was

was wise, generous and noble. A man, whose integrity of soul, whose accomplished manners, vivacity of disposition, temper, judgment and humanity, rendered him at once the envy and the glory of his time. No person ever knew him, but loved him; nor was his death less glorious than his life; for every friend when living was as emulous to praise him, as when dead to lament him. The world has lost a great friend, society a greater, and individuals the greatest; — amongst which none shall be my rival, but his widow. O George! what is there that we possess, but to him we are indebted for it? His munificence and tenderness rais'd us in our earliest years; his paternal cares ever watched over our education, — and to the know-
ledge

ledge of the scholar, he joined the knowledge of the world, and the manners of the most accomplished gentleman : his cordial admonitions have been the happy means of steering us through this world of vice, without being a disgrace to our kindred, or a blot to society : his friendship hath raised us to the posts of honour we occupy,—and, alas ! I fear in his death, we lose every hope of advancement.—There are few men living, who can boast of having such a parent,—and none excel my griefs, for the loss of every thing that the God of nature and the world could bestow. I have now nothing remaining by me, but those salutary maxims he gave me in his letters, and the lively remembrance of a man, whom few
equalled,

equalled, whom none excelled.—The
 last admonitions I received from him
 were so short, and so good, that I can-
 not forbear repeating them to you, tho'
 you have often had them from his own
 mouth.—“ Love God above all things,
 “ your neighbour as yourself, and do
 “ unto all, as you would be done un-
 “ to.—Be careful of your money, with-
 “ out being covetous;—for remember,
 “ friends of any kind are scarce, and
 “ pecuniary ones most so;—for in this
 “ venal age, you'll find few so steady to
 “ you as ten *guineas*:—men love money
 “ too well to part with it, but when
 “ you spend it,—let it be in better
 “ company than yourself; for of all
 “ fatal rocks, avoid *low company*!” Such
 were the maxims he recommended and
 wished

wished us to imbibe. O! I could write reams to his memory with my own tears, but all my efforts are weak, when I recollect they are to praise a man, who had the greatest virtues, with the fewest vices.—Adieu, my dear friend,—and let us to the utmost of our ability, be as steady to the orphan, as he has been to us: and as we are sensible of his good deeds and friendship, let us be equally active and attentive to those who may ever require our assistance.—

Adieu.—

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